

THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

—UBI LIBERTAS, IBI PATRIA—Cicero.—“Where liberty dwells, there is my Country.”

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PEABODY'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Many are the places scattered over our beautiful country, whose wild and picturesque scenery is worthy the painter's pencil, or the poet's pen. Some of them were once celebrated for their rich stores of “legendary lore,” are now only sought to view their natural scenery, while the traditions which formerly gave them celebrity are buried in oblivion. Such is the scene of the following adventure—a romantic glen, bounded on the north side by a high and rocky hill, which stretches itself some distance into the lake, terminating in a precipice some thirty feet in height, and known by the name of “Peabody's Leap.”

At the time of the adventure, Timothy Peabody was the only man that lived within fifty miles of the place, and his was the daring spirit that achieved it. In an attack on one of the frontier settlements, his family had all been massacred by the merciless savages, and he had sworn that their deaths should be revenged. The better to accomplish this dread purpose, he had removed to this solitary place, and constructed the rude shelter in which he dwelt, till the blasts of winter drove him to the home of his fellow men, again to renew the contest when spring had awakened nature into life and beauty. He was a man who possessed much shrewd cunning, combined with a thorough knowledge of Indian habits, by which he had always been enabled to avoid the snares of his subtle enemies. Often, when they had come with a party to take him, he escaped their lares, and after destroying his hut on their return homeward, some of their boldest warriors were picked off by his unerring aim; or, on arriving at their home they learned that one of their swiftest hunters had been ambuscaded by him, and fallen a victim to his deadly rifle. He had lived in this way for several years, and had so often baffled them that they had at last become weary of the pursuit, and for some time had left him unmolested.

About this time a party of Indians made a descent on one of the small settlements and had taken three prisoners, whom they were carrying home to sacrifice, for the same number of men that had been shot by Peabody. It was towards the close of the day when they passed his abode, most of the party in advance of the prisoners, who with their hands tied and escorted by five or six Indians, were almost weary, and by their long march, and but just able to crawl along. He had observed this advance guard, and suspecting there were prisoners in the rear, had let them pass unmolested, intending to try some “Yankee trick” to effect their rescue. He accordingly followed on in the trail of the party, keeping among the thick trees on either side skirted the path. He had proceeded but a short distance, before he heard the sharp report of a rifle, apparently very near him, which he knew must be one of the Indians, who had strolled from the main body to procure some game for the evening meal. From his acquaintance with their habits and language, he only needed a disguise, to enable him to join with the party if necessary, and aided by the darkness, which was fast approaching, with but little danger of detection. The resolution was quickly put in operation to kill this Indian and procure his dress.

He had got but a few paces before he discovered his victim, who had just finished loading his rifle. To stand forth and boldly confront him, would give the savage an equal chance, and if Peabody proved the best shot, the party, on hearing the report of two rifles at once, would be alarmed, and commence a pursuit. The chance was therefore, two to one against him, and he was obliged to contrive a way to make the Indian fire first. Planting himself behind a large tree, he took off his fox-skin cap, and placing it on the end of his rifle, began to move it to and fro. The Indian quickly discovered it, and was not at a loss to recollect the owner of the cap. Knowing how often he had eluded them, he resolved to despatch him at once and without giving him notice of his dangerous proximity, he instantly raised his rifle, and its contents went whizzing through the air. The ball just touched the bark of the tree, and pierced the cap, which rose suddenly, like the death spring of the beaver, and then fell amidst the bushes. The Indian, like a true sportsman, thinking himself sure of his victim, did not go to pick up his game till he had re-loaded his piece; and dropping it to the ground he was calmly proceeding in the operation, when Peabody as calmly stepped from his hiding place and exclaimed: “Now you tangle knitter, say your prayers as fast as ever you can!”

This was short notice for the poor Indian. Before him, and scarcely ten paces distant, stood the tall form of Peabody, motionless as a statue—his rifle at his shoulder—his finger on the trigger, and his deadly aim fixed firmly upon him. He was about to run, but he had no time to turn round, ere the swift winged messenger had taken its flight; the ball pierced his side—he sprang into the air and fell lifeless to the ground.

No time was now to be lost. He immediately proceeded to strip the dead body and array himself in the accoutrements, consisting of a hunting shirt, a pair of moccasins or leggins, and the wampum belt and knife. A little of the blood besmeared on his sunburnt countenance, served for the red paint, and it would have taken a keen eye, in the gray twilight and thick gloom of the surrounding forest, to have detected the counterfeited Indian. Shouldering his rifle he again started in the pursuit, and following them till they arrived in the glen, where their canoes were secreted. Here they stopped and began to prepare for their expected supper, previous to embarkation for the opposite shore. The canoes were launched, and their baggage deposited in them. A fire was blazing brightly, and the party were walking round impatiently awaiting the return of the hunter. The body of Peabody was safely deposited behind a fallen tree, where he could see every motion & hear every word spoken in the circle. Here he had been about half an hour.

Night had drawn her sable curtains around the scene. The moon had shone fitfully through the clouds which almost covered the horizon, only serving occasionally to render the “darkness visible.” The Indians now began to evince manifest signs of impatience for the return of their comrade. They feared that a party of the whites had followed them and taken him prisoner; and at last resolved to go in search of him. The plan was to put the captives in one of the canoes, under the care of five of their number, who were to secret themselves in case of an attack, to secure the prisoners and then go to the assistance of their brethren.

As soon as the main body had started, Peabody cautiously crept from his hiding place to the water, and sliding in feet foremost, moved along on his back, his face just above the surface, to the canoe which contained the rifles of the guard. The priming was quickly removed, and their powder horns emptied; he then went to the canoe in which the captives were placed, and gave them notice of the intended rescue, at the same time warning them not to show themselves above the gunwale, until they were in safety. He next, with his Indian knife, separated the thong which held the canoe to the shore, intending to swim off with it, till he had got far enough to avoid observation, and then get in and paddle for the nearest place where a landing could be effected. All this was the work of a moment, and he was slowly moving off from the shore, expecting an attack from this side; but unfortunately his rifle had been left behind, and he was resolved not to part with “old plumper,” as he called it, without at least one effort to recover it. He immediately gave the captives notice of his intention, and directed them to paddle slowly and silently out, and in going past the headland, to approach as near as possible, and there await his coming.

The guard by this time had secreted themselves and one of the number had chosen the same place which Peabody himself had previously occupied, near which he had left his old friend. He had almost got to the spot, when the Indian discovered the rifle, and grasping it sprang upon his feet, and gave the alarm to his companions. Quick as thought, Peabody was upon him, seized the rifle and wrenching it from him with such violence as to throw him prostrate on the ground. The rest of the Indians were alarmed and sounding the war whoop, rushed upon him.

It was a standing maxim with Peabody, “that a good soldier never runs till he is obliged to,” and he now found that he should be under the necessity of suiting his practice to his theory. There was no time for deliberation; he instantly knocked down the foremost with the butt of his rifle and bounded away through the thicket like a startled deer. The three Indians made for the canoe in which the rifles were deposited, already made harmless by the precaution of Peabody. This gave him a good advantage, which was not altogether unnecessary, as he was much encumbered with his wet clothes; and before he reached the goal he could hear them snapping the dry twigs behind him. The main body had likewise got the alarm, and were but a short distance from him, when he reached the headland. Those who were nearest he did not fear, unless they came to close action, and he resolved to send one more of them to his long home before he leaped from the precipice.

“It is a burning shame to wet so much powder,” exclaimed he, “I’ll have one more pop at their tangle red skins.” Peabody’s position was quickly arranged to put his threat in execution. His rifle was presented, his eye glanced along the barrel, and the first one that showed his head received its deadly contents.

In an instant Peabody was in the water, making for the canoe. The whole party by this time had come up, and commenced a fire upon the fugitives. Peabody stood erect in the canoe, shouting in the voice of a stenor, “Ye’d better take care, ye’ll sink the skiff. Old plumper’s safe, and ye’ll feel him yet. I tell ye.”

They were quickly lost in the darkness, and taking a small circuit, effected a landing in safety. Many an Indian’s life verified his last threat, and Peabody lived to a good old age, having often related to his friends & neighbors the adventure which gave to this place the name of PEABODY’S LEAP.

SENATORS TAPPAN AND ALLEN—RHODE ISLAND—JUSTICE TO THE HERO OF NEW ORLEANS.

In no State in the Union have the people more cause to be proud of their representatives in the Senate of the Nation, than have the Democracy of our own Ohio. Benjamin Tappan and William Allen have never yet deceived them. Every vote they have given has been in accordance with the democratic principles they profess, and amid the stormy scenes and fierce conflicts in the United States Senate, while an arbitrary majority were bent on hurrying through measures, such as the United States Bank, fraught with the direst evil to the country and its free institutions, their voices have ever been heard in defence of the people’s rights, of the greatest good of the greatest number. With the highest order of talents, each in his own manner, united oratorical powers, unequalled in that Senate chamber.

True, Judge Tappan is not what the world would call an orator, but as a ready debater, quick in retort, with a mind stored with knowledge, he has the art of saying more in a few words than any other man in the Senate of the United States. What he says is always to the purpose, always to the point.

Mr. Allen, though yet quite a young man, has earned for himself a fame which shall last, with the great and the good, long after even the infamy of his vile traducers shall die away, and in pity be forgotten. His recent noble efforts in behalf of Rhode Island, of her abused and oppressed people, and of that great feature in the democratic creed, FREE SUFFRAGE, will rally around him a phalanx of friends, of which any man might be proud. Though traitors betrayed, and cowards deserted, that cause, and liberty is now extinct in one of the States of this great republic, and though the gallant spirits who struggled for freedom such as is enjoyed by other States, and such as is guaranteed by the Constitution of our common country, are now in prison, and the State ruled by a cowardly tyrant, under a charter from a profligate British King—still his efforts were those of a freeman, wishing others as free as his own noble spirit, and worthy of a Roman in Rome’s best days. Let him but persevere in the path he has marked out, let truth and justice and liberty, as now, be still his guide, the polar star of his political faith, and that Democracy, of which he is so able a champion, will never desert him.

In the recent effort to have justice done that great and good man, who, amid the perils of the fight, as well as in the cabinet, upheld the honor, the interest and glory of his country, the Senators from Ohio were not found wanting. That measure failed. It is not the pitiful sum of one thousand dollars, with interest, that the friends of General Jackson want, though it was taken from him unjustly, and for saving New Orleans, her booty and beauty, and the valley of the Mississippi from ravage, but it is that the last foul stain inflicted on him by his enemies shall be wiped out, ere it shall please Heaven to call the good hero from the peaceful shades of the Hermings, to another, and we believe,

a better world. By the mere force of numbers, this proposition was voted down, and the majority, who, eighteen months since, professed as much love for the old soldier—asought to couple with it, a stab upon the character of Andrew Jackson. His friends indignantly refused to accept, at such a price, the money wrongfully detained, and illegally procured, and preferred trusting to a future Congress to do him justice. That time will soon be at hand—the doom of federal whiggery is sealed, and we are confident that the first act of the next Democratic Congress will be to remove this foul, this infamous stain sought to be inflicted upon Andrew Jackson’s name and character. May the aged hero live to see this act performed, and may it belong to our Allen, or our Tappan to introduce the bill, the passage of which will do justice to him “who filled the measure of his country’s glory,” and which will be hailed with feelings of unalloyed satisfaction by every honest man in the community.—O. Statesman.

TRUE DOCTRINE.

We cannot refrain from copying the following sensible remarks upon the “financial condition of the country,” from the Congressional Journal, a religious paper published at Concord, and very ably edited by Rev. Henry Wood. It is proper to say, that the sentiments are expressed in connection with others, touching the subject of missions:

“Congress has taken no measures for the relief of the country: it has proposed none. It is not ours to sit in judgement upon our rulers; much of the doing of legislation is like the wheel of the prophet: it is ‘so high’ that to the beholders it is ‘dreadful.’ We would not intrude into things which we know not. But the fact is indisputable, that nothing has been done in the halls of Congress promising a return of prosperity to the enterprise and industry of the country, perhaps little or nothing can be done.

With such a prospect the duties of the christian are obvious. He should practice economy. Not only prosperity but the hope of it, begot extravagance and waste. But the possession and the hope are at present interdicted. There will be comfort, there will be sufficiency, provided there are no idleness and prodigal expenditures. The elasticity and power of free enterprise will sooner or later restore things to their accustomed order.

Industry is demanded. The liberal professions are not only full but crowded; and in merchandise, they who sell compete in number with those who buy; let the professors of agriculture, of the mechanic arts, and of household manufacture be multiplied; let labor be elevated to its true dignity, and be honored as a christian virtue.”

The people of this country have yet a lesson to learn, or rather they are now in the midst of its lofty rudiments. They are to be taught to rely less upon law-makers and more upon their own energies—less upon speculation and more upon honest industry—less upon credit and more upon punctual payments—less upon rag money, and more upon the real value—They have yet to drop all distinction between honest pursuits for a livelihood. The tillers of the earth, and should be, of more importance than all other bank tellers, farmers, or officers—and labor, whether in the field of wheat, or of religion of law, of politics, is to be estimated more in proportion to its beneficial result to the whole human family, than to a fractional favored portion thereof.—N. H. Argus.

STATE BANK.

The extra session of the Legislature commences on the 25th of July. The object of the session is to divide the State into Congressional districts, according to the new apportionment. The Painesville Telegraph urges the people to memorialize the legislature, at the extra session, for the charter of a state bank with branches, or rather to demand it, and tell them, in case their demands are not complied with, to remember it on the second Tuesday of October. That is the issue you are going to make, is it, gentlemen? Well—now let us hear your arguments in favor of a State bank: 1. State bank of Illinois, burst; (paper 75 per cent below par.) 2. State bank of Indiana going down, (the last news from Pittsburg 8 1-2 per cent discount, it was coming up a shade) 3. Michigan State bank, failed. 4. State bank of Arkansas, gone to smash. 5. State bank of North Carolina, dead. 6. State bank of Tennessee, do. 7. State bank of New York broke (75 per cent discount.) 8. State bank of New Jersey at Trenton broke. 9. Bank of the State of Alabama, (25 per cent, or more discount.) 10. Fifty Banks and bank institutions, out of 71 in Ohio, broken or very dubious. 11. U. S. Bank the great regulator of the whole, ruined past redemption by the rashness of its officers, Salt water save it. Any more arguments gentlemen? If you have, fetch them on. Convince us and we will go with you. But if that is the way you are going to “regulate the currency,” we hope you will excuse us. Its bad enough already.—Trumbull Co. Dem.

NO TIME TO READ.

How often do we hear men excuse themselves from subscribing to a paper or periodical by saying they have “no time to read.” When we hear a man thus excuse himself, we conclude he has never found time to confer any substantial advantage either upon his family, his country, or himself. To hear a freeman thus express himself is truly humiliating and we can from no other opinion, than that such a man is of little importance to society. Such men generally have time to attend public barbecues, public meetings, sales, and visiting schools, but they have “no time to read.”

They frequently spend whole days in gossiping, tipping, and swapping horses, but they have no time to read. They sometimes lose a day in asking advice of their neighbors—sometimes a day in picking up news, the price

currency and the exchanges—but these men never have “any time to read.” They have time to huet to fish to fiddle, to do nothing,” but no time to read; such men generally have uneducated children, unimproved farms and unhappy families. They have no energy, no spirit of improvement no love of knowledge they live “unknowing and unknown,” and often die unwept and unregretted.

From the Globe.

ALWAYS THE SAME.

The parallel is becoming perfect between the Federalism of 1793 and the Whiggism of 1842.

The Federalists increased the public expenditures.

So have the Whigs.

The Federalists increased the public debt.

So have the Whigs.

The Federalists increased the people’s taxes.

So have the Whigs.

The Federalists increased the navy.

So have the Whigs.

The Federalists increased the army.

They propose to add several new regiments to the army and one thousand men to the marine corps.

The Federalists employed the army to overawe and control the people in the exercise of their rights.

So have the Whigs.

The Federalists passed a bankrupt law.

So have the Whigs.

The Federalists treated the Declaration of Independence as a bundle of abstractions not to be regarded in practice.

So do the Whigs.

If they have not passed an alien law, it is not from any liking for emigrants from oppressed Europe.

If they have not passed a sedition law, they have passed new and unheard-of measures to prevent effective debate in the House of Representatives.

What could more effectively show the identity between the Federalism of 1793 and the Whiggism of 1842?

The object and intention of the Democrats is—

To reduce the public expenditures.

To pay off the public debt.

To reduce the people’s taxes.

To reduce the navy to the limit of 1841.

To prevent an increase of the army.

To employ the army and navy only for the public defence.

To repeal the bankrupt law.

To treat emigrants from Europe as men and brothers, entitled to the rights of men.

To allow full scope to discussion of public measures and the acts of public men.

To maintain, in practice as well as theory, the pure and glorious principles of the Declaration of Independence.

WHIGISM IN ITS TRUE CHARACTER.—

The late movements in Rhode Island, says the Eastern Argus, have settled one question at least. They have drawn the line distinctly and too deep to be effaced, between the friends and foes of popular sovereignty and right. From the earliest movement of the controversy the democratic press without a single exception, to our knowledge, lent all its influence and energy to sustain and carry forward the principles of the Suffrage Party, and restore to the people of Rhode Island the rights of which they had so long and unjustly been deprived. The whig press took the opposite side, and through the whole controversy has defended the Landholders, the few against the many, with a bitterness and determination which we have seldom seen equalled. Every epithet calculated to throw odium upon the cause of the people has been made use of; and the men who were engaged in warring for the rights which Jefferson, and Hancock, and Adams and Washington perilled their lives to establish, have been denounced as disorganizers, traitors and seditious fellows, deserting of the dungeon and the halter, while the great mass of the population of Rhode Island have been held up as a mob, possessed of no rights, save such as the Landholders may choose to grant, or permit them to enjoy. The cardinal principle of our government, the principle which alone gives it vitality, has been denied and set at defiance by the whig press, and the people have been treated with about as much respect as the Russian serfs meet with at the hands of his lord, with whose lands he is bought and sold as part and parcel. In this controversy the whig party has developed its true principles, and we trust the lesson will not be without its effect upon the country.

THE LARGEST TREE IN NEW ENGLAND.—

A giant of the forest for many years the frequent subject of admiration to the curious visitor has at length fallen and we are enabled to give a more definite and certain description of it than has been given of any of the large standing trees in our country. The tree to which we refer is an interval Red or Sugar Maple which has been standing on the farm and near the residence of Joseph Hobbs Esq. of Osmee, in this State. The circumference of the tree at the ground was 23 feet, and continued of about the same size 17 feet perfectly straight and smooth as common blistered bar steel. At this height it parted into two branches;

The first grand branch extended 34 feet, measuring at 51 feet from the ground four in diameter or rather more than 12 feet in circumference; this branch then divided into five branches which after running 15 feet were on an average 3 1-2 feet circumference.

The second grand branch after extending

39 feet from the main trunk measured 11 feet 6 inches in circumference; it then divided into two branches, each of which at 19 feet (or 73 feet from the ground) measured 3 ft. 9 inches in circumference.

The length to the top was 96 feet.

Mr. Hobbs informs us that he has made forty lbs. of sugar in a year from this tree. It was injured by tapping had partially decayed near the roots, but was sound after a few feet above the ground. In a severe gale of wind it was prostrated to the ground, and although much difficulty attended its preparation for the saw mill, it is now mastered and its product has just been ascertained to be 3,300 feet of inch boards and nine cords of wood for fuel.

The tree was perfect in its symmetry, larger in circumference than any tree in New England and probably as great in bulk as any tree in the United States. A gentleman who has seen the Osmee Maple and the Ohio Sycamore, (which is very low tree) pronounces the Osmee as decidedly of the greatest bulk.—Portsmouth Jour.

The language of love is that of nature. Man is inadequate to express the joy the gladness that all creatures pour forth in the morning of spring; no music of mortal art can imitate the felicitous touches of the pen describe it; the dew drop that trembles in the blossom is more eloquent than the choicest word of the poet. What then must be the rapture of the singing bird, as it swells forth in the voice given by God to his breathing universe! His eyes filled with beauty drinking fragrance with every breath, every pulse beating to the exquisite harmony of praise the soul of man reels in the fulness of its gratitude; but he is dumb while around him rises the glad eternal anthem of nature and of love.

Mutability of Fortune.—Some years ago, a wealthy Englishman, who resided in Philadelphia purchased stock in the United States Bank to the amount of \$40,000. He afterwards invested in it the fortune of his wife, which was \$20,000. The sum of \$10,000 was left to her afterwards by legacy; and this was also deposited in the U. S. Bank. They now reside near Camden, N. J., and the wife takes in sewing to support the family.

Then.—There is something remarkable in this word. The other day we saw a lawyer in court busily engaged in writing while a witness in the suit, was giving in his testimony. He wrote so fast, that we looked over his shoulder to be surprised at some lengthy detail of evidence that was to completely paralyze the court with its effect. What was our astonishment however when about fifty-five lines of closely written manuscript exhibited to us a succession of the word then! then! then! &c. Now we have made a discovery in law; and one probably of its grandest mysteries; we never before thought of such a thing! How ignorant we sometimes are! Then! Then! Then! Yes and look like Caesar or Cicero at the same time. Ye Gods we have it now!—Natchitoches Herald.

NEWSPAPERS.—A newspaper taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading; it communicates all the important events in the busy world; it is never failing source of amusement and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted. Every family however poor if they wish to hold a place in the rank of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man who possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life surrounded by children eager for knowledge is instigated by the vile spirit of cupidity and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen, and is deserving of the censure of his intelligent neighbors.

Reforming.—“Well, how are you this morning?” said one old rowdy to another.

“Well, sir quite well—never was better; I’m another man sir.”

“Ah! Then you pays those old accounts of yourself that was?”

“Don’t remind me of my sins. I tell you I’m a reformed man. I was sinful in contracting such debts and I must now atone for my error by not paying for them.”

“Is that your reformation?”

“Certainly. I am changed. Don’t you believe me? I assure you sir I have not been on a big spree for two months!”—N. O. Pic.

A True Patriot.—A man in Waldo county Maine, who, for twenty years, by the advice of his physician, had used ardent spirits for some “bodily infirmity,” was at a temperance meeting and concluded to resign the pledge. When he was about to do so the Doctor started up and said, “Uncle Ward if you sign that pledge, you will die.” He calmly replied that he had been a soldier of the Revolution, and thought he was willing to die for his country. He signed the pledge and in one fortnight after his bodily infirmity left him.

Soliquy of a New York Lawyer.—To go to Texas or not to go—that am the question—whether it is better to stay to home and bore these ere ills that we has got or to take up arms against a lot of Mexicans and Ingines, and by fighting kill ‘em. To fight to fire taint nothing more nor hardly that, but in that fight of ours, what bullets may come when we shelled off a shot or so, must bid us consider on’t. Aye, there’s where it rubs! Rather guess we want go on the whole.